Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*
Iohn. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.
Iohn. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*
Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, closde in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me
As signall that thou heares some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones,
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.
Whistle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curst foote wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heares or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare imployment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous dost returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by Ioynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.
Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble ye.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this same, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And in despight ile cram thee with more foode.
Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greefe,